

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

MORRIS GEST announces that Comstock & Gest have leased the Century Roof Theatre for the summer and have transformed it into a Russian playhouse. Next Monday evening they will remove Bille's "Chauve-Souris" there from the 19th Street Theatre and offer an entirely new programme, which this Russian troupe has prepared. The Century Roof Theatre will seat 500 and the performances will begin at 8:30 P. M. nightly, with matinees on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

TO PRESENT "SAVVA."

The Beechwood Players of Scarborough, under the direction of Henry Sullivan, will produce "Savva," by Leonid Andreyev, in English on June 7, 8 and 9, at their little theatre. This play was banned in Russia. It has been produced in Berlin and Vienna but never here.

BELASCO SIGNS HER.

David Belasco has placed Mary Servoss under contract for a term of years, and will make a Belasco star of her. She will appear in a new play soon. Miss Servoss has been under Mr. Belasco's observation for more than a year.

ACTRESS TO MARRY.

Phyllis Carrington of "The Dover Road" will withdraw from the cast of that play early next month and retire from the stage. She is to marry a Kansan, formerly a Captain of the A. E. F., whom she met in Paris while she was over there acting for the soldiers. The announcement of her coming wedding doesn't give the name of the bridegroom-to-be, but since he is a Kansan, he's all right. Hokey!

MISS LARRIMORE'S RELICS.

Francine Larrimore was the last star to appear at the National Theatre, Washington, which is to be torn down and replaced by a modern playhouse. Hearing that the house was to be dismantled, she bought from the manager half a carload of its furnishings, all relics of other theatrical days. In the lot is a dressing table used by hundreds of noted stage people. For her manager, Sam H. Harris, she purchased a pair of massive hand-wrought iron hinges which Mort Sherrwood, the National's veteran carpenter, says came from the barn at Mount Vernon. Now that Mr. Harris owns a racehorse, these hinges should come in handy. Every stable door has to have hinges if you want it to look like anything.

MEBSE THAT'S IT.

A newly-arrived English actor asked Grant Mitchell of "Kempy" recently why the air here is so much clearer than it is in London.

"I really can't say," replied Mr. Mitchell, "unless it is because of our sky-scrapers."

PHILIP BOOSTS MARY.

Philip B. Dooner, our Post of Admiration, saw "Up the Ladder" at the Playhouse recently and Mary Brandon made a hit with him. On reaching home he wrote this poem about her:

Mary Brandon, your abandon made a great big hit with me; with your bobbed hair and your snobbed air and your rapper repartee. It gave pleasure beyond measure, such as I will never forget, watching you as you went through a part sans tact and etiquette. Perfect of both form and feature, really quite a charming creature, right in all the acting that you done, Stardom surely should confirm you; till then I will gently term you "Sweet Miss Flapper-Doll A No. 1."

MUSTA BEEN A FROST.

Rose Winter, true to her name, can be quite chilly if occasion demands. While she was attending a play recently somebody asked:

"Did you ever see this play before?"

"No," replied Miss Winter, "and I don't even 'see' it now."

HE WANTED MORE.

Ollie Hines sends us a story we may have heard before, but which is worth reprinting here. Ollie says the bass fiddle player at the Belmont Theatre arrived at that playhouse recently in an open taxicab. He had his violin with him. Stepping out, he leaned the big instrument against the theatre's wall and paid the taxi driver the fare as indicated by the meter. The man wasn't satisfied.

"Is that all I get?" he asked.

"That's the fare, isn't it?" asked the musician.

"For you, yes," grumbled the driver, "but how about that there fute?"

IN VAUDEVILLE.

Julia Sanderson, now that "Tangerine" is closed, will make a short tour in Keith Vaudeville singing and dancing. Helen McKellar will be seen

JOE'S CAR

I SHOULD WORRY WHETHER OR NOT OLD SHRIVEL GETS SCRE AT ME -- HE DON'T MEAN ANYTHING IN MY YOUNG LIFE!



THE FACT THAT HE'S REEKING WITH MONEY DON'T CUT ANY ICE WITH ME -- ALL I ASK OF A MAN IS A FIFTY FIFTY BREAK -- THAT'S ALL I ASK --



I DON'T JUDGE A MAN BY WHAT HE'S GOT -- IT'S WHAT HE IS THAT COUNTS! I DON'T CHASE ANY GUY FOR HIS DOUGH -- I DON'T!!



PHONE BOSS!



WELL, WELL -- HELLO THERE SHRIVEL -- WHERE Y' BEEN KEEPIN' YOURSELF? HOW'S YOUR GAME? HITIN' 'EM OUT TWO HUNDRED AN' FIFTY YARDS I S'POSE -- WHA'S ON YOUR MIND?



Copr. 1922 (N. Y. Eve. World) By Press Pub. Co.

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

WITH THIS CRIME WAVE N'EVERYTHIN' -- CERTAINLY I'M PARTICULAR ABOUT THE DOORS AND WINDOWS!



WELL THEY'RE ALL LOCKED -- GO GO TO SLEEP!



W-WAKE UP LUKE! THERE'S A BURGLAR ROBBING THE PLACE!



HE'LL GO IN DEBT IN THIS HOUSE!



WELL -- NOT D'VE WANT?



DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT!



I'M LOOKIN' FOR MONEY!



ALLRIGHT -- COME ON! IF WE FIND ANY I'LL GIVE YOU HALF!



Copr. 1922 (N. Y. Eve. World) By Press Pub. Co.

LITTLE MARY MIXUP

THE STORY CONTINUED -- THE SECRETARY OF WAR RECEIVES MARY'S LETTER



SECRETARY WEEKS READS: DEAR WAR DEPARTMENT -- IS MY PAPA COMING HOME OR NOT? IF HOT MOM AND I ARE GOING TO MARRY MISTER BLIX -- WITH LOVE AND KISSES YOURS TRULY MARY MIXUP WRITE SOON.



POOR LITTLE KID -- WANTS HER DADDY BACK -- EH? POOR LITTLE KID -- WELL -- WE'LL GET HER DADDY BACK --



AND THE SECRETARY HAD THE WHOLE WAR DEPT WORKING OVERTIME TO GET ALL POSSIBLE INFORMATION ABOUT MARY'S MISSING FATHER -- PRIVATE FELIX MIXUP --



HERE Y' ARE MISTER SECRETARY.



MISTER STUBBS -- OH, MISTER STUBBS -- TAKE A LETTER -- WILL YOU -- TO -- (LET'S SEE NOW) TO -- MISS MARY MIXUP -- NEW-YORK --



KATINKA

GOSH, LOOK AT THE MOB RUNNING! MUST BE A FIGHT ON THE BEACH!



YEH -- A LIFE SAVER THOUGHT SOME WOMAN WAS DROWNING, AN WHEN HE TRIED TO SAVE HER SHE NEARLY BEAT HIM UP!



THAT SO?



KATINKA! WHAT'S THE MATTER?



I'M FAT ENOUGH WITHOUT HAVING PEOPLE KID ME ABOUT IT



WHEN I WENT OUT A LIT TOO FAR AN' YELLED FOR HELP THAT FRESH THING THREW THAT LIFE BELT OUT AND TOLD ME TO PUT IT AROUND MY WAIST.



By Way of Diversion.

There now, 'Mandy, quit yer grievein'. You're a plain -- yes, you air, I kin see it; seein's b'lievin'. Where's that smile you used to wear?

You air tryin' hard to bear it. An' be brace; that's plain to see. Better let your daddy share it. You're the world an' all to me.

Tain't for me to mean to scold you. That ain't what I want to do. True, he hadn't ought a' told you. All that bout a love for you; But perhaps it's really better. That he married Jessie Brown. Some day you'll be glad he met her. An' then took an' turned you down.

Yes, I know your heart's a-breakin'. But your grievein', 'Mandy, dear, gives my own a double achin'. Worst I've had in twenty year. Let old mem'ry scenes go fittin'. Don't be pinin' 'way for him. There now, 'Mandy, try forgittin'. Time will bring another Jim.

GOSSIP.

McIntyre & Heath have been stage partners forty-eight years and they still speak.

Lydia Scott of "Good Morning, Dearie," has won a bridge medal. Champion Scott lives at Bayside.

Sixty members of the Players' Club will see Allan Pollock at Henry Miller's Theatre, Thursday night in "A Finch Hitter."

Margaret Frouching has joined the cast of "The Nest" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The fellow with little to say is usually a man who could say a great deal if he were so inclined.

FOOLISHMENT. Said Annabelle Mary McGee: "There aren't any flies upon me."

"That's queer," said her beau: "They like sweet things, you know."

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "What's the matter, Smith -- are you in love?"

The Day's Good Stories

DIDN'T KNOW JOE.

THE examination of witnesses is an art, but one in which many lawyers fail because they do not put their questions in words that the common man understands. An able member of the bar was noted for his severity in the examination of witnesses, but he often failed to bring out an appropriate answer because he did not put himself on the same verbal plane with his witness.

"Did you speak jocosely?" he asked on the occasion.

"I don't know him," answered the witness.

STRUGGLING YOUTHS.

THE head of a large shipping firm in the West received a letter from a millionaire banker asking that his son be given a job where he could learn the business. Soon after the head of the shipping firm wrote back to the young man's father:

"Your son has arrived. I have

STATIC.

The National Women's Christian Temperance Union has just complimented George Arliss on his picture, "The Ruling Passion," in spite of the fact that the film has nothing to do with liquor, hard or soft, in any manner.

VULGAR CURIOSITY.

BISHOP CANDLE OF ATLANTA was condemning a certain theological controversy.

"Such idle controversies," he said, "remind me of the Negro preacher who began a sermon with the words: 'Brethren and sisters, when de fust man, Adam, was created, he was made enter wet clay and set up agin de pain's to dry.'"

"A member rose in the back of the church."

"Pawson," he said, incredulously, "does yo' fer-ously state dat Adam was made enter wet clay and set up agin de pain's to dry?"

"Dem's mah words," Br'er Simcox. Dem's mah words."

"Den, Pawson, who made de pain's?"

"Br'er Simcox, set down," said the parson severely. "Such fool questions as yours would upset any system of theology!" -- Los Angeles Times.

REALISM.

Does real reel realism pay? Ask Theodore Kosloff. Like the much advertised paternal parent, Theodore knows.

With much coaxing, a little swearing and some massaging, Kosloff grew as fine a goatee as has ever graced (or disgraced) a classic profile, for his role of Lord Carnal in "To Have and Have Not."

Accompanied by his brilliant hirsute appendage, Kosloff strolled onto a lot. His director saw him and shouted:

"For the love pictures, Teddy! If you're gonna paste on crepe hair, do it right! You got 'at on all crooked, An' besides, it's too artificial looking!"

"Isn't that appreciation for you? We ask you, ain't that appreciation?"

A CALAMITY.

Word was rushed East yesterday to the effect that Wes Barry had suffered a terrible loss during the first day of a vacation in the California mountains.

It seems that Wes, following a strenuous personal appearance joint that touched every State in the Union, started out on a camping expedition. While the freckle king was loaded for bar, he really didn't want to run into any big game at all.

Well, the first hour he was in camp they say a bear that looked as big as the Woolworth Building picked out Wes and his freckles as its breakfast and started after the youngster.

Wes made the first twenty miles in a little less than nothing flat and was still going strong when he reached civilization.

The loss referred to was that of 5,476,322 freckles -- blown off by the breeze caused by the kid's speed.

Shuck! He'll never miss that small number. We thought it was simply serious.

Screenings

By DON ALLEN

MINERVA SPECIAL. FALCONVILLE, May 28 (Special to Screenings).--This job of aerial acting for Doug Fairbanks isn't all it's cracked up to be. I'm not a water-fowl, but I ducked over to see what Mary was doing. She's busier than an eel with the hive. Mary says that all she's mixed up in now is being President of a club of movie stars that provides entertainment for wounded soldiers; she is supervising the building of a seven-room "dressing cottage;" played the part of a man for Salvation Army drive; keeps an endless wedding; breaking all records by receiving 2,500 pieces of mail a day; receives radio messages while at work on location; acts as Chairman of Salvation Army drive; keeps up her Good Cheer photograph fund for poor children; buys a \$4,000 painting; gets Brother Jack started directing a new film and works ten hours a day on "Tess of the Storm Country."

In her spare time she does a bit of tanning. As far as I can see, Mary is about half as busy as your correspondent since I started working for Screenings.

In the future please don't be so formal. Don't sign my stories "Minerva," just use "Minnie."

Did the boys in the back room get their? (Signed) MINERVA, THE FAIRBANKS' FALCON.

WHAT THE? A young actor working with Bartlett on location down Maine way was rather nettled one Sunday when an overpious native called his attention to the fact that he was committing a sin by thus laboring on the Sabbath.

"Hell will be your portion in the life to come!" warned the native.

"Aw," answered the actor, "heaven and hell are only what you make of this earth."

"Don't you believe in hellfire and brimstone?" asked the native. The actor said he did not, and was sure there was no such thing.

"Well," mused the son of Maine, "I wish I believed that."

"Why?" asked the screenite. "I'd have an awful good time sinning the rest of my life!" answered the local one.

And then all was silence.

SPRINT RECORD. All records for sprinting all distances have just been smashed into the well known and widely quoted smithereens.

The record breaker is Art Camp, property man for Irvin V. Willat, now directing Paramount's "Siren Call," somewhere in the Yosemite Valley.

Art broke all old records and made new ones when he was set upon by six wild beasts last Saturday. He didn't have a slender path or a smooth roadway on which to run, but he didn't even stop for trees or mountains.

"A bear can swim, run and climb trees," announced Art, "so I didn't stop to argue which class we were going to try out. I just decided to beat 'em running--and I did!"

What really was chasing Art was his own shadow and two playful raccoons--but it'll always be "Henny" when he tells the yarn.